She's Not Afraid to Go Down Cellar



Why not train your cellar to bring in its own independent income? This Virginia woman clears a tidy sum each year from hers.

THREE years ago Miss Edith Copland wheelbarrow, etc., have of Clarendon, Virginia, moved the wheelbarrow and lawn-mower closer up to the cellar wall, and started her first

been retired to the wood-



the verdiet of the Department, backing up their opinion with substantial checks.

Miss Copland has the following recipe for her suc-

Begin on a small scale. Make sure you have a

With the compost and spawn, mix a little brains.

Running downstairs and coming back with a generous dish of mushrooms with which to grace your steak has a fairy-story-like sound; yet, numbers of enterprising folk are going in for this form of indoor sport

shed; for every square

every year, and deriving
inch of the cellar is laid out in mushgreat fun from the venture, even though
room beds, and along the walls another it goes no further than the supplying of mushroom bed. She didn't have any room beds, and along the walls another it goes no further than the supplying of the capital, and planned to do all the work incident to the new enterprise herself.

The next year, Miss Copland had sold enough mushrooms to justify her increasing the number of beds. This year the Miss Copland's, and many Northern it goes no further than the supplying of their own and a neighbor's table. And there is no certainty like a mushroom bed below stairs to make a housewife proof against worry from "unsuspected company."



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This Farmer Never Looks at the Thermometer

ERE is the kind of farming that even a city man could make a success of.

It's a frog farm in a cave, out of
which Robert Smith, down in southwest Missouri, has made a comfortable fortune.

Farmer Smith never worries about the weather. All the year round the climate is the same—about 60 degrees, whether it is August or February. The sun never wilts and the frost never bites this crop— these big green batrachians, whose legs

these big green batrachians, whose legs are marketed in St. Louis and Kansas City for nice round sums.

Forty acres is now looked upon as a pretty fair-sized farm. There is only an acre or so of ground in this big natural cave devoted to the raising of frogs, but this brings to the owner a bigger income than the farming of two or three

forty-acre tracts. You drive up to the frog farm in a boat. You couldn't get near it in a buggy or an automobile. You launch your boat into a lake just outside the cavern, and then float into the cave's mouth on a river that disappears into the

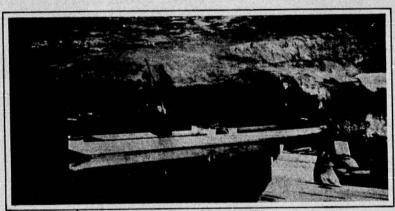
Frogs, big and little, tadpoles, spawn, and still more frogs swarm in and out of the edges of the big pool. When the eather is warm they venture out into the lake, that is really a spring. They are home-lovers, however, and they do not

linger abroad long.

Mr. Smith, who discovered the cave ten years ago, has had a much easier time marketing frog saddles than he might have had raising corn, wheat, or potatoes. The farmer who gets a bunch of hogs ready for the market in six weeks does not exist. Frogs may hatch, grow, and be fattened in that time, and they are not nearly so much trouble a pen full of hungry, squealing rkers

The frogs require very little care. If to themselves, they "just grow," says Smith. The older ones venture out che mouth of the cave in summer, and devour flies, bugs, worms, and slugs of all kinds. In winter they are fed some sort of mealy compound that seems to answer all the requirements of frog nature. For the most part, they bury nature. For the most part, they bury themselves in the mud and stay there until spring.

This is probably the only frog farm conducted underground in the world. Hundreds of the big green fellows are shipped out of the nearest station every season. During August week, and other hundreds are eaten and September he on the grounds by the picknickers who works nights and Sunare attracted by the bigness of the days meeting the needs cave and the delicacy that it produces. of a thousand hoboes



Frogs are just as amenable to cultivation as anybody else. They proved it to Robert Smith last year by earning \$4000 for him.

Mr. Smith's income from the frogs in a single year amounted to more than \$4000.

In the first warm evenings of spring the racket in Mr. Smith's cave is fairly thunderous. All the veterans of the pond are singing their raucous love songs. A few weeks later the chorus has quieted down somewhat; but all summer long there is some bass soloist that is ready to perform

says, even if you haven't a cave like his. They do not have to be taken care of in winter, like other live stock. All that is necessary for their comfort is a big bank of mud at the bottom of a pool, so they may bury themselves and wait for spring. The main requirement is patience and enough energy to go out and dip up the frogs in a regular dip-net and ship them some bass soloist that is ready to perform into the city. Then, of course, it is necfor hours every evening.

It is easy to raise frogs, Mr. Smith check—the proceeds of the shipment.

A Hobo Barber-Shop

THEY claim that this is the home of the most venerable barber-shop joke. Remember? The one where the guileless cu tomer steps into the chair on seeing the sign, First-class hair-cut, 15c."; and a few min-utes later the barber asks him for a quarter. The enraged customer points to the sign. "Oh, yes," says the barber, "but you haf not got first-class hair!"

Anyhow, the proprie-tor does a rushing busi-ness during the summer



who husk corn in a near-by canning fac-tory. Earlier in the season his customers consist of the travelers who drop off the side door Pullmans that pass his place of business and stop over for an

Fresh air circulates freely into every corner of this shop, and ster-ilized water is provided at a primitive fireplace few feet away. "It is a few feet away. "It is the most sanitary barber-shop in the State, says the proprietor modestly. "Any hobo who, after thinking it all over, has decided to take the step, can feel perfectly safe in my shop."